

FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

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CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

OUR TASK—TO ENLIGHTEN.

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Advertisements will be inserted at the lowest rates. Descriptions of Job Printing attended to promptly.

The Old Printer.

BY C. W. McCLELLAN.

A Printer stood at his case one night,
In his office dark and drear,
And his weary sight was dim as the light
Of the moonlight lamp hung near.
The wint'ry winds were howling without,
And the snow falling thick and fast,
But the Printer, I trow, shook his locks of snow,
And laughed at the shrieking blast.
He watched the hands of the clock creep round,
Keeping time with the snail-like tick,
As he gathered the type with a weary click,
In his old rust-eaten stick.

His hairs were as white as the falling snow,
And silently day-by-day,
He beheld them grow, like the autumn leaf
One by one, "passing away." [Crow,
Time had cut with his plough furrows deep in his
His cheek was seamed and thin,
And his long Roman nose could almost repose
Its head on his grey-bearded chin.
And with fingers long as the hours stole on,
Keeping time with the clock's dull tick,
He gathered the type with a weary click,
In his old rust-eaten stick.

For many long years, through joys and tears,
That old Printer's time battered face,
So gloomy and lean, night and morn were seen,
Earnestly bent o'er his craft of care,
In a few years more Death will lock up his form,
And put it to rest in the mould,
And a stone o'er the spot where they lay him to
Will tell us his name and how old.

And his comrades will light the lamp by his case,
And list to the clock's dull tick,
As they set up his death, with a solemn click,
In his old rust-eaten stick.

Matrimonial Predication.
If you would e'er get married, John,
I'll tell you what to do—
Go get a tenement for two.
And one spare room for company,
And one spare bed within it—
If you'd begin Love's life aright,
You'd better thus begin it.

In future, be moderate John,
And let the stuffed chairs wait;
One looking glass will do for both—
Yourself and loving mate.
And Brussels, too, and other things
Which make a fine appearance,
If you can well afford it, they
Will better look a year hence.

Some think they must have pictures, John,
Superb and costly too;
Your wife will be a picture, John,
Let that suffice for you.
Remember how the wise man said:
A tent, and love within it,
Is better than a splendid house,
With bickering every minute.

And one word as to cooking, John,
Your wife can do that best;
For love to make the biscuit rise,
Is better far than yeast.
No matter, if each day you don't
Bring turkey to your table,
'Twill better rub by and by,
When you are better able.

For all you buy pay money, John—
Money that's very dear—
If you would have your wife run smooth,
There is no better way.
A note to pay is an ugly thing,
(If thing you please to call it.)
When it hangs over a man who has
No money in his wallet.

And one thing more remember, John,
To keep aloof from strife,
And never, never speak
A cross word to your wife.
But if you cannot keep it back,
And burnings still require it,
Go whither it into your gun,
And then—go out and fire it.

And now, when you are married, John,
Don't try to ape the rich;
It took them many a tollsome year
To gain their envied niche.
And if you'd gain the summit, John,
Look well to your beginning,
And then will all you win repay
The care and toil of winning.

GOOD ADVICE TO PROMOTE BUSINESS.—In the
life of T. P. Barnum, written by himself, the fol-
lowing is one of his rules for success in business:
—"Advertise your business. Do not hide your
light under a bush. If whatever your calling or oc-
cupation may be, it needs support from the pub-
lic, advertise it thoroughly and efficiently in some
shape or other, that will arrest public attention.
I freely confess that what success I have had in
life may fairly be attributed more to the public
press than to nearly all other causes combined.
There may possibly be occupations that do not re-
quire advertising, but I cannot well conceive that
they are."

A broken down merchant, to console him-
self, got drunk, and while pouring forth his war-
rent desire to make all men happy he wound up
thus:
"And if I owe any man anything, I freely for-
give him the debt!"

The Love of Baron Gros's Daughter.

BY MARY W. JANVAIN.

The statue of the Apollo Belvidere was on exhibition in the gallery of the Louvre. All Paris were thronging thither to look upon this matchless creation of the sculptor's skill, the like of which had never before enriched this repository of Art. All classes paid the tribute of admiration to the model of perfect manly beauty—this modern realization of the old Greek ideal.

Nobles and citizens, students and grisettes, the Imperial *gendarme* and the humble *bourgeois*, artisans and flower-girls, and even little children with wondering eyes and rosy cheeks, one and all passed in their walk through the long picture galleries in mute admiration before the statue.

Sculptors came and lingered with hushed breath before it, then went away sighing sadly for their own unfulfilled dreams of beauty, saying, "My head could never have created this!" Artists' eyes dilated, and artists' souls drank in new inspiration of life and grace; and poets lingered to breathe the air which afterward should waft from out the Louvre spells of genius to be woven up into song.

Gay and fashionably attired women, sparkling in jewels, came in *cliques*, and came upon this rare *chef d'œuvre*, because the fashion, *par excellence*, of Paris, came here; and then, in as sweet voices as they had discoursed of its beauties, they chatted concerning the Marchioness La Fayette's last *fete* or *matinee dantesque*—then rolled away to the gay Boulevards in their splendid equipages.

But, day after day, all the long bright summer months, there came to the gallery of the Louvre one so different from all others—a pale, dreamy-eyed, beautiful girl, with hair dark as the purple Tuscan grape, who sat for hours with eyes riveted upon the matchless statue unmindful of all around.

Not when morning broke over gay, giddy Paris, and the garish sun rose higher and shot his penetrating beams into the picture galleries, nor at high noon when the roar of the city was at its height, neither when the gayly attired throng pressed in to gaze upon the beautiful Apollo Belvidere, came she to cast her wreath of flowers at his feet and sit there for hours wrapped in mute worship; but later, when the crowds grew thin at the twilight hour, and the sunset shadows were falling aslant the towers of *Notre Dame*, then came this dark-eyed, dreamy girl, beautiful as Muriel's Virgin, looking down from the walls, and glided along the corridors till she had gained her resting place at the statue's feet, to sit deep into the twilight and gaze up at the form of beauty above "as though she could vitalize that pulseless marble breast with the influence of her own burning and impassioned love."

Next morning, early visitors to the Louvre would note a wreath of flowers at the base of the statue—fragrant rose buds, and delicate orange blossoms, and fadeless *immortelles*—the eloquent language of deathless love; and then people grew to watch the pale, silent, dreamy-eyed girl who daily carried thither her offering—till at last it became talked of in Paris, and very many smiled and said, "Baron Gros's daughter is in love with the wonderful Apollo Belvidere!"

The Baron Gros himself was a painter of no small merit. His two great pictures—a splendid portrait of Napoleon the Great and his Battle of Eylau, now hang upon the walls of the Louvre; but no creation of his father's brush had impressed the artist's daughter like this tangible form wherein was shrined the embodiment of an ardent, enthusiastic girl's idea of manly grace and beauty.

Yet far better for her had she shrunk away from this strange, wild worship—far better, had she lavished the treasures of her rich, warm love on the least of the lovers who sought entrance to her father's *hotel*, than on the cold, insensate marble god of her adoration!

"Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And feverish false creation."
And thus, day by day, the painter's daughter sought her shrine to pour out anew her worship.

At length the Baron saw with deepest solicitude the failing step, the pale cheek and attenuated form of his beloved child, and rightfully attributed the cause to her strange infatuation. "You must seek the Louvre no more, *ma belle*," he said one day. "If you are enamored of Art, I will give you an easel in my studio at my own side, or you shall learn to model with the sculptors of Rome. Only rouse thyself from idle reveries."

But the girl would meekly disclaim all wish for honors, and plead so sweetly not to be denied her daily visit to the Louvre, that the fond father was fain to yield her command and permit her again to recall her thoughts and love to the peerless statue.

And so the painter turned again to his pictures, and his fair daughter glided away to weave wreaths of flowers to lay at her Apollo's feet. One day at the sunset hour the Baron came forth from his studio into his apartment, wearied and exhausted with his long day's toil at his easel. Throwing himself on a couch, he rang for refreshments; but the servants only answered the summons. "Send me my daughter!" said the Baron—for he pined for her gentle hand to present the cup of Rhine wine, and smooth away the hair from his heated and careworn forehead.

"Mam'selle has not yet returned," was the reply.

"Send for her! to the Louvre!" exclaimed the Baron, somewhat testily—"but no! stay! I will seek her myself!" and he went out into the cool twilight. Soft, fragrant airs played over the painter's aching forehead, and soothed his chafed spirit; Paris seemed so lovely, and the Louvre so calm and rich in architectural and artistic beauty as he approached it, that he had forgiven his visionary daughter ere he sought her presence.

Crossing the courts, passing through vestibules crowded with statuary, and ascending the grand marble staircase, then traversing the great gallery which unites the Louvre with the Tuileries, he approached the niche where stood the Apollo Belvidere.

The apartment was deserted, and in the dusky twilight he saw no figure. "She would not linger here," he murmured, and half turned to retire, when he fancied he beheld a form leaning against the pedestal of the statue. Going closer, he recognized his daughter in a reclining posture, her mantle fallen from her shoulders, her face hidden in her hands, and her long black hair mingling with a fresh wreath of flowers and sweeping the Apollo's feet.

"Can she have fallen asleep thus? This is well—dreaming in the Louvre! Come, rouse thee, daughter!" cried the painter—a sad, sweet smile wreathing his lips, for he could not fail to comprehend the strange spell which enchained her there in sleep 'mid those shapes of beauty looking out from the twilight—the Psyche, the Venus of Milo, the Hebe and the Apollo.

"Come, *ma petite*, it grows late and the galleries will be shut. Let us go home!" But the girl spoke not, nor stirred, nor flung back the tresses of her midnight hair. How sweetly she slept—her black locks laying the Apollo's feet!

Again the Baron spoke, and laid his hand this time upon her shoulder—then suddenly, in nameless terror, lifted her face from out her hands and upturned it to the faint light falling from the distant window high up in the frescoed gallery dome.

And then, why shrank the Baron back with stricken air, gazing on that face—a face pale and cold as any statue's, gleaming down ghastly white upon him in the deepening twilight? Because, looking closer, noting her closed eyes—eyes, that, alas! would waken nevermore from earthly slumber—passing his nerveless hand in speechless wonder over features chill and exquisitely modelled as any sculptor's chisel had ever carved—because, then, groaning aloud in bitter anguish of spirit, he laid back her head upon the pedestal, dimly comprehending what, next day, was whispered throughout Paris, and brought crowds to the Louvre, to gaze upon the cold, pulseless, insensate marble god, at whose feet she had breathed out her life in that strange, wild dream of passion—"She is dead!"

Years passed; and one morning the dripping body of a powerful framed man, with car-meat forehead framed in gray hair, was picked from the dark waters of the Seine, and borne in and laid upon the tables of *La Morgue*.

Men came and looked upon the drowned man; they bore away the corpse and gave it magnificent burial. And 'mid the train that would behind the plumed hearse which bore him away to *Pere La Chaise*, went the emblazoned carriage of many a noble, and many an artist of renown; for in him who had thus, in the zenith of a prosperous career, wealthy, honored and beloved, sought a suicide's grave beneath the black waters of the Seine, they recognized one whose heart was broken years before when his beloved child had poured out her young life—a rich gift to the god of her impassioned worship, the Apollo Belvidere.

This day is repeated to the tourist who visits the Louvre in Paris, and pauses before the "portrait of Napoleon the Great," and the magnificent "Battle of Eylau," the story of the unfortunate painter, the Baron Gros, and also the recital of "the Love of Baron Gros's Daughter."—*Flag of Our Union.*

Mrs. PARTINGTON AND THE TELEGRAPH.—"The line is down," shouted like, as he swung open the front door. Mrs. Partington, thinking he meant the clothes line in the back yard, darted to the window, but everything was right. The night caps swung to and fro by their strings, the dresses, yawning long arms in the winds, and Ike's glissandos, inflamed by the breeze, seemed struggling to be free.

"You should not tell such wrong stories, dear," said she, "when there is no occasion for it. The line is not down."

"I mean the Atlantic Telegraph line," said he with a face expressive of the joy of both hemispheres, "and Queen Victoria is going to send it to President Buchanan."

"She is, is she?" said the old lady; "well that's very kind in her. I wonder if she will prepay the postage beforehand in advance?"

"It isn't a letter, cried he, 'it is a cable under the water from one country to the other, over which messages can be sent.'"

"I don't believe it can be done," said she, "for how can the messages come without being satiated with water?"

"I guess they'll be wrapped up in gutta serena," said Ike.

"May be so," said the dame thoughtfully, "but it would be a good deal safer to send them by the steamer, for what if they should get stuck half way?"

She pondered on it, and did not see that like had tied her ball of yarn to the tongue of the bell, and was even then in a remote position, preparing to send messages of mischief, that would send her running to the door to see who was ringing.

The Ghost of the Ruins.

A Story of the Brazilian Pampas.

"For four warm, sweltering days," said Lieut. John Moore, as we sat together, enjoying the moonlight on the "Mississippi"—"I had been journeying over the pampas which extend from the Rio de la Plata to the Andes on the west side, and the Pacific Ocean on the other; and as the sun went down, I found myself passing an old church that stood in the suburbs of a small town which possesses the romantic name of Los Entos."

"I had eaten nothing the whole day except a dry biscuit and a small portion of dried beef, which was all my panner contained; and my appetite prompted me to stop at the first villa I came to—one situated within a hundred yards of the old ruin alluded to, and which was owned by an old Spaniard, Don Miguel De Golya, who was of rather solitary habits, and lived there alone."

I rode up to his humble dwelling and finding him at the door, made known my wishes ere he dismounted.

He bade me welcome with much cordiality, though he assured me he could offer me but humble entertainment. But this was all I desired just then, and hastily disposing of my horse, to his and my satisfaction, I followed the old man in.

"A simple meal was soon prepared by his own hands, and you may rest assured I did it ample justice."

"In the meantime," as I found the old man in a talkative mood, we conversed upon various subjects; and, among other topics, the church ruin came under our notice.

"Would you know a wild tradition connected with it, *senor*?" asked the old man, after he had concluded a sentence relating to the dreary yet sublime appearance it presented.

"I should indeed be pleased with the explanation of the manner in which it gained the reputation of being haunted; was my response. And in my mind arose the shadowy outlines of an old tradition I had listened to years before."

"*Senor*, I will gratify your desire," said he, somewhat ironically, as a peculiar shade of sadness appeared upon his time-worn visage. Without another word, he thus commenced the story:

"Many years ago that church was the rendezvous of a ruffian horde, who, from time to time, sallied forth from their headquarters, and carried on a systematic course of robbery and plundering of all who dwelt or traveled upon the pampas of the western shore."

"This clan at length became so bold as to waylay and murder some of the most wealthy citizens of Los Entos, and others of the vicinity, who were so unfortunate as to get within their reach—and at length a force of one hundred men was sent to attack them in their stronghold, the church, and every arrangement made for a determined onslaught upon the bloody villains."

"The attack succeeded. Made at midnight, when they were carousing and unsuspecting of the event, no successful resistance could be made to the determined citizen-soldiers, and they were nearly all slain. A few managed to escape, and cross the pampas to the half-deserted settlements at the base of the Andes, from whence they never returned."

"As events afterward showed, one of the gang remained behind—remained for revenge. But none were aware of this fact. During the fight, he had seen his only brother cut down by the commander of the invading force, and then took an oath to revenge his death ere he left the precincts of the church."

"With this resolution uppermost in his mind, he made his way to the vaults of the church, where he concealed himself, and remained until after the attacking force had retired."

"You have probably heard some of the wild rumors respecting the old church, and will not therefore wonder that it was regarded, some six months after these events, with strange interest. A gloom and desolation had settled upon it, and far and near it was known as the haunted church of Los Entos. The inhabitants looked upon it with awe and wonder, and shuddered as they passed it. For, from lip to lip went the startling intelligence that a ghostly form was at times dimly seen sitting about the old ruins, vanishing hither and thither about them, vanishing the instant it was seen, and appearing at moments when least expected, and it was not long ere this mystical shade became known as the 'Ghost of Los Entos.'"

"Strange was the excitement caused by these startling rumors, and intense was the desire to penetrate the mystery; and this desire extended to myself."

"A plan was formed between my brother and myself to visit the church, and endeavor to unravel the mystery, and penetrate—"

"The old man was here strangely interrupted. A form darkened the door of his cottage, and we both looked upon the intruder."

"We had an old, a very old man, with a withered and ungainly form, a thin, cadaverous looking countenance, the complexion of which showed him to be an Italian. His eyes were the brightest I ever saw—indeed, they glowed like the fires of a furnace, as they roamed around upon the scene to which he had so unconsciously introduced himself."

"Don Miguel stepped forward, and moved a chair toward him, at the same time asking him

to come in and be seated. The invitation was accepted; and the stranger unconsciously hinted that he was hungry, by glancing at the meal I had just partaken of.

"The old man soon prepared him a plain but substantial supper, and then, as the stranger did not seem to wish to converse, he again took his seat near me and continued his story."

"As I was saying, my brother and myself determined to unravel the mystery connected with the church. We chose the hour of night in which to visit it."

"Ah! well would it have been for us if we had not planned this adventure—for never can I forget the fatality that attended it." And here the old man sighed, while the dark-browed stranger suddenly turned toward him and bent an earnest look upon his features.

"We armed ourselves," continued the old man, "and set out for the ruins an hour before midnight. As we drew near them, they seemed more gloomy and foreboding than ever."

"It might have been this gloom that caused a strange foreboding of evil to arise in my heart."

"We passed in at the front door, and moved along the aisle to the spot where the altar once stood. All was dark and cheerless, and my agitation increased at every step. A wild laugh suddenly resounded throughout the vaulted room, seeming to proceed from the wall above us. A shudder passed over me as I looked up. A dark object descended with fearful rapidity, and struck my brother to the cold stone floor."

I darted toward him—raised him up—his form quivered convulsively in my arms—the next moment he was dead!

"Another wild laugh, and the murderer—the Ghost of Los Entos—the brigand who had sworn to take the commander's life—escaped."

"The stranger started up, with a large knife in his hand, and a fearful frown of vindictive passion upon his brow."

"Escaped!" continued the old man, "and from that hour to this I have never seen—"

"Ha! ha! you are mistaken!" wildly cried the dark-browed stranger, darting toward him with a countenance perfectly fiendish in its expression. "You have seen him—he is before you!"

"And ere either of us could recover from our surprise, he continued vehemently:

"Yes, I did kill your brother, thinking it was you that thus fell a victim to my vengeance. In after years I renewed my oath—and am determined you shall die by my hand. For years I have sought in vain—but at last I seal your doom! Die!"

"The knife was aimed at Don Miguel's heart, as the last word of that sentence echoed fiercely in the room. His death would have been certain, had I not sprung up and struck aside the hand which held the weapon."

"This movement saved the old man's life; and, being quick and prompt when aroused by danger, he drew a pistol from his bosom, and shot his enemy through the brain. Ere the smoke of his weapon had curled up to the ceiling, the brigand, ghost and murderer was dead!"

"My story is ended," added the Lieutenant, after a moment's pause—let's go below."

We did.

JARNDYCE AND JARNDYCE.—There may be seen in almost constant attendance in the lower courts in Philadelphia, a "little old" man, with grey hairs, bent form, and shriveled skin, whose very appearance is calculated to arouse the risibilities of the spectator, were it not for the air of earnestness which he always wears, and which has the effect of exciting sympathy for his evident misfortunes.

He has been a visitor there for many years, and, though at least eighty years of age, there does not seem to be any abatement in the interest which he takes in the decisions made by the Judges. Day after day he may be seen sitting in front of the Judge, with his head drawn forward, eagerly but motionlessly drinking in every word uttered by "his honor." He is the very counterpart of Miss Eliza, of Dickens, the little old mad woman of Bleak House, who is represented as perpetually haunting the court of Chancery. Many years ago, this old gentleman owned a vast amount of real estate in the city, but, becoming somewhat deranged, trustees were appointed to take charge of his affairs, until such time as it might appear that he had recovered. About fifteen years ago he made an attempt to obtain possession of the property, but, from some cause or other, failed, as he acted contrary to the advice of his counsel, a gentleman of eminence at the bar at the present day. The poor old man is at present a resident of New Jersey, but every week witnesses his appearance at the court room, where he patiently waits an opportunity to state his own case, as he is confident that justice will follow. All the judges know him, and on his attempting to speak, interrupt him by asking for his papers and promising to look over them. This satisfies him for the while; but he soon returns to the attack, and thus it will be, no doubt, till the day of his death—which must, in the natural course of events, take place in a few years, and long before he can hope to overtake justice in its evasive flight.

Quoth Patrick of the Yankees: "Bedad if he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd go round next day selling maps to the inhabitants."

"I say Pete, in growing round' de world troubles has often tol' us dat you loose one hole day."

"Dat am nuffin Sam, when you can make 'm up agin."

"How you gwine to make it up—tell me dat you sargent."

"Why, jis turn round' and go back agin."

The Alligator Hunter.

The power of observation, and of applying the knowledge thus obtained make wide differences in the success of men. One man will pass by the most remarkable works of nature without seeing anything novel, while another will be thrilled with pleasure by the wonders before him; a third will never gaze upon a strange object without suggestions of its utility in the works of creation, and a mental effort to convert it to some purpose of profit.

In our perambulations in the outskirts of the city, a few days since, we came across a genius of the latter class. He was an alligator hunter, and was growing rich from the profits of his singular business.

Our new acquaintance was tall, athletic, careless of his personal appearance and in his language; but the shaggy brow that overhung a restless but lustrous eye, the lines of resolution that made his mouth a feature that one could not fail to remember, and his quick, almost energetic movements, were suggestive of his being an original character—one from whom something might be learned. After getting him into a talkative mood, and winning a little confidence by modest remarks and delicately suggestive inquiries, we drew from him the following facts.

He was carrying a skin which appeared to be that of an alligator, and had other portions of the reptile in his possession which aroused our curiosity.

"Something of a naturalist," we hinted, by way of interrogation, pointing to the objects in his hands.

"Yes," said he, "I suppose it is natural for everything to be profitable, and partly for sport, but more for the money they are worth, I make a business of killing alligators."

By pursuing the conversation thus begun, we arrived at the following facts:

The man came to this city, like thousands of others, in the belief that money could be made in almost endless profusion with very little effort, and wearied with the disappointment, and just on the point of coming under the eye of the police as dangerous or suspicious, being without a visible means of living, he wandered into the suburbs, then into the swamps in the rear of Jefferson City and neighborhood, where he made his first acquaintance with the Louisiana alligator.

His bump of speculation was at once excited. Such a creature was of some utility; his hide, his oil, his tusks, perhaps his bones, might find purchasers. So, borrowing from a man who occupied a hut in the neighborhood a gun and some ammunition, he declared war upon the alligators. He dried their hides, he extracted their oil, he took out their teeth, and sure enough they proved to be merchantable articles.

Commencing in May last, he had, up to a short time ago, killed 400 alligators. Having gained experience by practice, he now hunts at night, and carries a pan of fire. Attracted by the unusual light, they come up close to him, when he finds no difficulty in bringing a monster down at every shot.

The skins of these alligators are readily sold at seventy-five cents apiece. They are manufactured into water-proof boots, and the most valuable and expensive shoes to be found in our market are made from tanned alligator's hides. The oil, tusks, and hides of these 400 alligators have produced in the hands of our new hunter acquaintance \$560, besides paying his current expenses.

This enterprising original is now looking out for a suitable location for the investment of his gains in real estate, content the vicinity of New Orleans has an abundance of the raw material which now forms his staple of trade.—N. O. Picayune.

GOING TO DOUBLE.—As Monsieur La Farge, a little French dancing master, was traveling in the State of Maine in company with several strangers, Kelly, the driver of the stage, stopped at the door of a house, from which a gentleman of large proportions was seen coming forth with his carpet-bag. No sooner did the little Frenchman discover the gentleman advancing toward the vehicle, than he rubbed his hands with delight, and exclaimed:

"Hah, how very fortunate I am, dare is my very particular friend, General King."

Le Farge had taught some of the general's children to dance. The general got into the coach, and soon fell into conversation with some of the passengers whom he happened to know, but took not the slightest notice of Le Farge.

The little fellow felt it very acutely; the more so, as he had boasted of his intimacy with General King. The poor fellow now and then encountered the intelligible looks of his fellow travelers, who were evidently amused by his irrepressible manifestations of anger and chagrin. He whistled, hummed the rag ends of innumerable tunes, and took an unusual quantity of snuff. The stage finally arrived at the stopping-place for the night. General King, as he entered the house, said to the owner in that loud tone for which he was remarkable:

"Waiter, give me a bootjack, and a pair of slippers, a beefsteak, and a cup of coffee."

Le Farge, who was just behind the general, and ready to burst with vexation, could no longer restrain himself. Though a dancing master, he was resolved to play second fiddle to no man; and he instantly exclaimed:

"Vatere, give me two bootjacks, two pairs of slippers, two beefsteaks, two cups of cafe."

The Steam Engine Philadelphia.

On Friday morning, a decided working fire took place in the Bowery, and it was not extinguished until the extensive tin box establishment of Mr. Charles S. Hine, situated at No. 15, was entirely destroyed. It broke out shortly after daylight, and water was kept on till noon.

As luck would have it, the Steam Engine Philadelphia, of Philadelphia, which had stopped at New York, on the way from Boston, where she had won the \$500 prize, was in the Park.

She was to have given a specimen of her skill and power in front of the City Hall, at 10 o'clock; about 15 minutes after this time Engineers Cornwall and others came down and invited the Philadelphia to run up to the fire, and try her there. To this arrangement they assented, and two horses were soon tacked to the apparatus. They were just five minutes in reaching the corner of Bowery and Division street. A load of kindling accompanied the machine. Upon reaching the corner of Pell street, she was backed down, and commenced to fix for work. After this, she was shifted up to the corner of Bayard street; and then down again, to the corner of Division street, where she finally got to work, having been at the fire 28 minutes. Every attention was shown them.

They had a choice of hydrants, and any quantity of hose and pipes were placed at the service of the Philadelphia.

The driving power was put in motion at 15 minutes before 11, and she commenced throwing a stream with full head on. The pipe-man let his water fly in all directions, and soaked everybody who was looking on. Up, went her water, breaking into spray within 20 feet from the nozzle, and then sending a stream in an oblique direction, about 120 feet, just reaching the flag-staff on Drake's building. The stream was a dribble after it had reached an altitude of 75 feet.

Alongside of this celebrated prize machine worked East River Engine, No. 17, Adriatic Engine, No. 31, and Live Oak Engine, No. 44. As soon as the steam engine was fairly under way, up shot the streams of the first, second and last—both second-class engines. They went fifty-five feet solid water, in perpendicular playing, not zig-zag, nor oblique, but "fair and square" up with the burning building, and their water turned to fall at least 10 feet above where the steam engine's water broke! When No. 31 got to work, she put an end to the trial, for her solid stream went up

